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THE ECHO

VOL. XXVI

TAYLOR UNIVERSITY, UPLAND, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1939

NO. 17

Seniors Present Books As Gift To T. U. Library

It is not merely a desire to conform to tradition that prompts the class of '39 to leave something of real value to their Alma Mater. It is, rather, an attempt to make some little contribution as a token of appreciation for the contribution that has been made to their lives.

Perhaps next to personality in the realm of values are good books — books which in turn, by increasing the knowledge and elevating the cultural standards of those who are eager to learn, aid in the development of true personality. The influence of a good book will live on and on in the lives of its readers.

An attempt has been made to add something of value to every department of Mooney Library. Professional aids, reference books, and others which will raise the standard of the library in the estimation of the North Central Association, are being supplied.

And so it is with the hope that faculty and future student lives may be enriched by means of the gift that the class of 1939 present to their Alma Mater — books.

Faculty Members Fete Senior Men

Faculty men and mesdames provided a very enjoyable afternoon for the masculine members of the Senior Class at Flint Park, Upland, on Monday, May 22. Following a period of sports including baseball, tennis, and horseshoes, the ladies served a delightful meal. Each faculty member was assigned a "son" for the evening. Each senior boy was made to feel well-befriended by the parent of his adoption. Marion Witmer was responsible for stunts following the evening meal. One by one the senior fellows returned to the campus, tired, but willingly admitting with newborn respect, the domesticity of our faculty members.

Before enjoying the delightful meal, the senior boys and several faculty members greatly enjoyed a game of baseball. Ken Williams and DeVee Brown were captains. The latter team won by a narrow margin, 9-7, in eight innings. Williams' Flashes took an early lead, but Brown's Bombers came back in the later innings to overcome and pass their opponents.

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GRADUATING CLASS OF 1939



Diversified Plans Of Graduating Men

Murray Bragan — Going back to Alabama, not sure what he is going to do for the summer, either go to summer school or preach at a tabernacle there.

Maurice Beery — Live with his wife at 825 East Court St., Sidney, O., . . . to have a charge there and will be song evangelist in a few meetings.

Merrill Livezey — Going to Purdue for a week's study in vocational rural church work . . . farm . . . sexton at Knox Chapel cemetery.

L. Don Barnes — Charge all summer . . . trip to home mission field in Tennessee and Kentucky . . . to Boston Seminary in fall, paint car right after school is out and keep the home fires burning.

Stanley Jones — Expects to do construction work, drive truck, etc., . . . to Drew Seminary in fall.

John Paul Jones — Hauling ice and delivering coal as a side line besides holding a charge . . . plans to go to Boston Seminary in fall.

Francis Johannides — Plans to do pastoral work near home . . . plans to go to seminary in fall.

Milo Rediger — Going to his charge in Fort Wayne, Ind., . . . has a June evangelistic meeting scheduled for the summer.

Wm. Hok — To General Conference, Grantham, Pa., right after school . . . married in June . . . trip through Western states last of August . . . to Ashland Theological Seminary in fall, student charge there.

Alton Ridgeway — To Medical School, Bloomington, in fall . . . chooses to remain single for awhile yet.

Wm. Uphold — Factory work . . . expects to have a charge in

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Senior Girls Make Interesting Plans

Martha Matthews, Smethport, Pennsylvania, is looking forward to social service work. In the near future she hopes to continue in her chosen field in a more specialized manner.

Mary Shaffer, Kirklin, Indiana, has a position teaching Latin and English in the Bloomingdale, Michigan, High School. She has high aspirations of becoming assistant principal within a year.

Geraldine Scheel, Unionville, Michigan, is an English major. Her goal is three years only in the teaching profession and after that — What?

Mary Hess, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is a Taylorite of only a year, but a loyal member of the senior class. She expects to locate in Ohio.

Muriel Sutch, Toledo, Ohio, in spite of preparing for teaching English, believes one teacher in the family is a great sufficiency.

Ruth Anderson, of Plymouth, Iowa, has majored in psychology and plans to attend graduate school to fulfill her aspiration of becoming a dean of women. We know the girls will like her.

Helen Walhof, Rock Valley, Iowa, has completed all requirements for a pedagogical future, but has decided to refrain from studying and "Park" a while.

Taeko Obara, Tokyo, Japan, is planning to return to Taylor next fall after spending the summer traveling in the United States with missionary friends.

Ruth Cooke, Buffalo, New York, will be remembered as one of Taylor's soprano soloists. Keep up the good work.

Wilma McCallian, Greensburg, Indiana, industrious, fun-loving, plans to teach too. We know

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Prof. Kreiner Is Chapel Speaker For Class Day

The beginning of the realization of a dream! Tuesday, April 25, the class of 1939, having assumed the traditional senior dignity brought by wearing the scholarly caps and gowns, marched into chapel to the strains of organ music. Led through the arched aisleway by their president, Mr. Milo Rediger, and their sponsor, Professor Raymond Kreiner, the honored class took their places to start the final phase of their college life at Taylor. At last they had attained the goal toward which they have been striving for many years and have glimpsed the reward awaiting them.

Professor Kreiner brought an interesting and timely message on the subject "Problems Facing the College Graduate of Today." This was an inspiration not only to the senior group which he addressed, but also to the entire student body. In the message he emphasized the fact that if one prepares himself well and with God's aid really seeks his place in life, it will open up to him.

At the noon hour the seniors took their places at special tables, attractively decorated in blue and gray and set apart from the rest of the dining hall. Guests for the occasion were Dr. and Mrs. Stuart, Dr. and Mrs. Ayres, and Prof. and Mrs. Kreiner. At the close of the meal announcement was made of the special privileges granted to the seniors during the next six weeks.

Sponsors Give Unusual Dinner For Graduates

Tuesday evening, May 16, Professor and Mrs. Kreiner delightfully entertained Dr. and Mrs. Stuart and the class of 1939 at a formal dinner held at the General Electric and Gas Company in Marion.

The delicious dinner menu consisted of:

Tomato Cocktail	
Scalloped Chicken	Parsleyed Potatoes
Buttered Peas	Vegetable Salad
Rolls	
Coffee	

Angel Food Cake Strawberry Fluff

Tiny diplomas were the place cards and the favors were miniature caps. The tables were decorated in the senior class colors, the centerpieces being larkspur.

Following the dinner the group enjoyed games.

THE ECHO



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Recognition is due Evan Bergwall, Reuben Short, Bill Uphold, and Bill Hoke for their assistance to the staff in the publication of this issue.

Mary Hess Has Poem Published In Hoosier Book

"Hoosier College Verse," a book of poetry contributed by Indiana College Students is just off the press. It is edited by Wah-nita De Long, Associate Professor of English at Evansville College.

The purpose of the book is a double one: to provide students with an opportunity for publication and to improve standards by furnishing poets with a means for comparing their work with that of those in other colleges. The book contains ninety-three poems including the following by Miss Mary Hess of Taylor University:

MY CHERISHED THOUGHT

A book I read;
And there I found
My cherished thought
Was therein bound.

A sunset glow
Caused in my mind
That thought to grow.

A bird — it sang;
My treasured thought
Its echo rang.

A painting rare
Revealed my thought
Embedded there.

Naught matters what
I hear, or see,
That cherished thought
Still captures me.

"Our Only Hope" Is In Our Lord

There is no hope in this wide world
Save in the Christ our Lord;
Beneath His banner all unfurl'd,
We stand armed by His sword.

Oh, note the many remedies
And endless arguments
Predicting gracious liberties
For weary supplicants.

"I am right, but you are wrong,"
Each dreamer staunchly holds;
Each sings his sadly stilted song
Before confounded worlds.

Philosophies have all failed;
Each lacks a major strain.
When they've been carefully de-
tailed,
For peace we seek in vain.

Oh, when will men such folly
cease,
Returning to the Lord
To find the long desired peace
A gift too great for word?

In Christ the universe is sane.
All problems soon dissolve
When men allow the Christ to
reign
And let His truth revolve.

Oh, Lord, please give us eyes to
see —
What can by faith be done,
When we but yield our all to thee
And love forsooth thy Son!

—W. Uphold, Jr.

Diversified Plans

(Continued from Page 1)

fall . . . married in September sometime . . . go to school if charge is near seminary.

Evan Bergwall — To Denver, Colo., to a charge . . . Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Colo., in fall.

Arland Briggs — New York Biblical Seminary in fall . . . expects to spend some time at North Warren.

Harold Miller — Says "If I get a job I'll go to summer school and get married, if not, I'll hang around Toledo and go fishing." Plans to do missionary work in future, preferably in India.

Marshall Welch — Work at Muskegon, Mich., at Maranatha Conference with Miss Dare in dining hall . . . quarter time teaching fellowship at Purdue in fall . . . work on M. S. degree in Chemistry.

George Guindon — Paint with Mr. Grile . . . teach in fall if possible.

Howard Eicher — Moving into parsonage of Baptist church at Auburn at full time position . . . have three weeks vacation Bible school shortly after Commencement . . . Seminary work sometime later on.

Eddy Armstrong — Go back to New York and find work for the summer . . . will be active in Salvation Army Corps.

Davis Gage — Intends to continue his Pomological research in the Hudson Valley . . . would like to get married but doesn't see how.

Paul Sobel — Some violin work in evangelistic meetings . . . work at home as side line . . . Northern Baptist Seminary in fall.

James Alsbaugh — Summer indefinite . . . teach in fall if he gets a school.

Lloyd Bowser — Paint with dad this summer . . . ??? Biblical Institute in fall . . . plan to go to Epworth League Institute at Lake Webster for a brief vacation.

Devee Brown — Quartette for summer . . . to Dakota on the side . . . back to T. U. in fall, work on A. B.

Ralph Lawrence — Stay on charge and paint as a side line . . . keep home fires burning.

Logan Smith — Work at home on farm and continue on his charge . . . take preachers' short course at Dewart Lake, Syracuse, Ind.

Gilbert Smethhurst — At home now.

Orrin Van Loon — An evangelistic meeting immediately after school . . . then drive truck and do office work in Kalamazoo, Mich., . . . Detroit Medical College in fall.

Purcell Locke — Work with government . . . preach as opportunities come . . . teach at Fairmount, North Carolina, in fall.

David Hoover — With quartette all summer . . . fall very indefinite.

Fete Senior Men

(Continued from Page 1)

Coach England pitched stellar ball for the winners, striking out all three batters in one inning. He had trouble in the first and fourth innings. Otherwise the Flashes had goose-eggs. Eicher pitched good ball for the losers but had poor support. Van Loon's fly-catching disability was the low spot in the Flashes' defense.

Perhaps the high spot of the whole fracas was Marion Witmer's two-base hit into center field. Briggs retrieved the ball for the Bombers and relayed it quickly to Jones on third base who retired the portly Witmer by jabbing the ball very definitely into his back when he attempted to stretch his double into a triple.

Score:

Williams' Flashes	— 300 400 000 —	T.
Brown's Bombers	— 010 231 20* —	9

Senior Girls

(Continued from Page 1)

she'll make it interesting.

Margaret Sluyter, of Warren, Pennsylvania, plans to work as a laboratory technician, and has all the qualities necessary to make an excellent one.

Lydia White, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, has chosen Christian Service as her life work. Her optimistic cheerfulness is contagious and should help her succeed in this work.

Priscilla Snyder, Snover, Michigan, is undecided about this fall, but eventually hopes to become a dean of women if the Lord leads in that direction.

Edith Persons, St. Charles, Minnesota, is planning to be a social service worker. Her journalistic efforts on the Gem this year have proven her capability.

Lois Stanley, Upland, Indiana, will teach in the academy department of the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, while taking work in Bible there.

Dortha Crandall, New Castle, Indiana, will spend the summer at her church in Kennard, Indiana. This fall she plans to enter evangelistic work and some day to go to the mission field.

Nellie Blake, Eaton, Indiana, has chosen as her vocation teaching history to high school youngsters, but her avocation is southern biscuits.

Alice Butz, Cavour, South Dakota, has chosen nursing as her vocation, but what would girls' intra-mural basketball have been without her!

Winifred Lucas, Buffalo, New York. Her major interests are music and art. Will the seniors ever forget her originality in planning their parties?

Alice Holcombe, Newark, Ohio, plans to teach Latin and English. She also hopes to resume practice on her xylophone this summer.

SENIOR WILL

We, the great and mighty class of 1939, before leaving Taylor-on-the-Hill, do hereby write our last will and testament, being in comparatively sound mind and rather broken down body but dauntless in spirit. Be it here sworn before his royal majesty, the head janitor of Taylor University, that we, party of the first part, do bestow the following items upon the heads of the bewildering and bewildered underclassmen:

I, Stanley Jones, do will my patent leather look and way with the women to Mr. William Driscoll, who apparently needs it.

I, Davis Gage, do bequeath my robust tenor diaphragm to Fred Rowley.

I, George Guindon, do give my slender composition to "Stoney" Jackson.

I, Purcell Lockee, leave my charming southern personality, accent, and sun-tan to Lorenz Morrow — a few pounds of avoirdupois wouldn't hurt.

I, Donald Barnes, do leave all things to whomever would take them *except* one small package from Tipton which I hold near and dear.

I, Lloyd Bower, leave my magnificent command in oratory to E. Martin, hoping that next year he will be an even bigger blow.

I, Harold Miller, do leave my old bedroom slippers to Mildred Botkin.

We, Willie Uphold and Alice Butz, will our fast and furious S. P.'s to Knoxie and Yaggy who are doing O. K., even now.

I, Ruth Cooke, do will for a time all rights to my position in a certain red Chevy to Miss Foust knowing it will be in safe keeping.

I, Edith Persons, do bequeath all the editorial hopes, fallen plans, and expense accounts to next year's Gem Editor, Mr. Warner.

I, Muriel Sutch, leave nothing, absolutely nothing, behind — thank goodness!

I, Taeko Obara, leave my sweetness to George Nagel.

We, Winifred and Marshall Lucas, leave our T. U. furniture, uphill floors, over-heated apartment, etc., to the future Mr. and Mrs. Johnson — with the instruction to keep the sink clean!

I, Lois Stanley, leave my deep silence to Don Odle with instructions to use it frequently.

I, Nellie Blake, leave my uncontrollable giggle to Miriam Stevens.

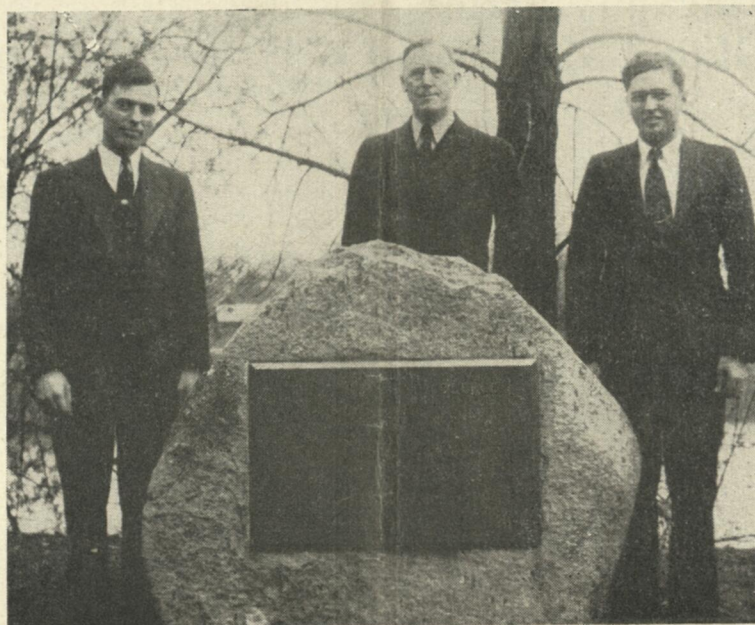
I, Evan Bergwall, will my sweet (?) Swedish temper and gang of beautiful waitresses to Earl Butz with advice to beware of all head waitresses.

I, Margaret Sluyter, bequeath an extra-big supply of senior privileges to my sister, Beth.

I, Gib Smethhurst, will my soft New England drawl to Ralph Cummings.

I, Murray Bragan, do will Jessie

President, Dr. Stuart, and Sponsor



Rediger

Stuart

Kreiner

to Miss Foust, until the day I carry her away on a silver white horse.

I, Milo Rediger, do bequeath my ability to work late, to get good marks, and to refrain from Rook to "Windy" Hyde.

I, Priscilla Snyder, do will my position of Assistant Dean of Women to Gwennie Niebel, because she is a staunch advocate of the seven night date plan.

I, Kenneth Williams, do will my mentorship of Swallow Robin (those dear sweet boys) to Harold Bauer, who is himself a dear little child — also an axe.

I, Alton Ridgeway, do will my bicycle, lunch pail and cows to Charlie Smith in case he wants to drive back and forth to school from Richmond to eat or milk said cows.

I, Geraldine Scheel, do will my courteous demeanor and pleasant personality to those who need them most.

I, Marsh Welch, do bequeath my long underwear to Lewis Magsig.

I, Loonie VanLoon, do will my hurdling ability to Floyd Porter.

I, Wilma McCallian, do will my title of "Old Maid Pedagogue" to Leone Harris.

I, Mary Shaffer, do hereby give my coquette's eyes to John Deal.

I, Edward Armstrong, leave my pretty white basketball shoes to Omar Buchwalter. He'll look cute in 'em.

I, Ruth Anderson, do will all my namesakes and my picture to Ralph Cummings.

I, Lydia White, do hereby will to Mary Matthews what's left of the "Sands of Time" with the warning that they don't move any too slowly — or do you already know.

I, Alice Holcombe, do bequeath my zylophone to Bill Meadows.

I, Maurice Beery, do will my baby face to Oliver Degelman.

I, Arland Briggs, do hereby leave my "Charles Atlas," physikue, books, and voice to Carl

Brown.

I, Howard Eicher, do will my T. U. dates (don't tell his wife) to Keith Hanley.

We, Mary Hess and Bill Hoke, do will our sneak dates to Ellis Webb and Esther Prosser.

I, Dortha Cranford, do will my trips to Marion College and ability to dodge buzzer fees to Virginia Longnecker.

I, Devere Brown, do bequeath my deserted bachelor quarters to Marion Smith for a more happy state.

I, James, "my heart belongs in (?)" Alspaugh, do will my plumpness to Edward Bruerd.

I, Fran Johannides, do not will anything to anybody. I am returning next year — to take up nurse's training.

I, Merrill Livezey, do will my night life to Phil, "my kingdom for a gal" Smith.

I, Ralph Lawrence, do will my sermon barrel to Harold Kirby for future reference.

I, Helen Walhof, do bequeath my column in the Echo, "Nuf Said," to Byrt Sanderson.

I, Paul Sobel, do return all money swindled, drafted, and otherwise stolen from the senior class with thanks for my trip to California this spring.

I, Reuben Short, do will my buzzer job and all the fees I could not collect to Homer Reasoner.

I, Martha Matthews, do will my job in the T. U. "match factory" to the Bing-Bang Sisters.

Signed and sealed this day, June 2, 1939,

C. LINTON DILLON,
Head Janitor.

Daffynitions not found in dictionaries:

Woman's tears — the world's greatest water power.

Hen — the only creature on earth who can sit still and produce dividends.

Saxophone — an ill wind that blows nobody good.

—The Mississippian

Qualities A Good Prof Should Have

A recent issue of the ECHO (X No. 14) contained a thought-provoking little item from Dr. Frank Baker entitled "Qualities a Good Prof Should Have." Have you ever heard the question asked, "Who is your favorite professor at Taylor?" Now, we have heard a great deal about teachers' systems of grading students (there are as many systems of grading as there are teachers); how would it be to set forth, just "fer fun," a student's system of evaluating his professors? Be it understood that all exams are over and grades turned in, or we would not hazard this attempt! We shall observe the qualities of an ideal professor under five headings.

1. *Character.* Is character a pre-requisite for teaching? It is a pre-requisite for every profession from the lowly ditch-digger to the revered clergyman! There is no acceptable substitute for character. How many of the brilliant men of history have had to be set aside by the world of affairs simply because they lacked character! How many men, through sheer brilliance, have carved for themselves a niche in the hall of fame, who might have accomplished infinitely more and who might have been remembered by the world with a greater respect and admiration had they but possessed a character to be honored along with brilliance.

2. *Passion for the Calling.* Did you ever have a teacher whom you felt was teaching school simply because he was unable to do something else? Someone cynically said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." This is an overstatement, yet too sadly true in some cases. If it is important that a pastor be called to preach, it is just as true that a teacher is called to this high profession. To a certain extent teachers are born, not made. There are some men and women that could study and toil in the field of education for thirty years, and still not be teachers. They simply don't have what it takes. This, of course, is in conflict with J. B. Watson, but what of it? Many of his ideas are still unproved hypotheses, while this fact is absolutely certain: there are many hopeless misfits in the educational world today.

3. *Intellectual Appetite.* Why should we put so much more emphasis here than upon the other factors? Why is it so common these days to select teachers solely upon their mental scope as represented (sometimes inadequately) by their college attainments as embodied in A. B., M. A., Ph. D.? Isn't it an occurrence all too common to hear this statement, "He certainly knows his 'stuff,' but he simply can't put it across." We all know what

(Continued on Page 4)

Senior Athletes Bid Farewell To College Sports

The time has come to bid adieux to several senior athletes. Certain boys have or will soon have played their last games for the Purple and Gold. From the basketball flood we say goodbye to Jimmy Alspaugh who for the last two and one-half seasons has been one of Taylor's outstanding guards. Eddie Armstrong, too, says goodbye from the hardwood. To be sure he didn't play much this year, but he has in past years given a good report of himself.

From baseball we say goodbye to Stan Jones who has held down the hot corner for the last two years. When he sprained his ankle this season he was missed — and how! Bragan, that 'bama boy,' will be hard to replace in center field next year. He has played that position like a major leaguer. Fran Johannides is also going bye bye. Fran has caught this year, and also helped at second when they needed someone to plug that spot.

Bud Van Loon is finished as a Taylor hurdler. He has done a good job here — and also as President of the "T" club. Bragan, besides saying a big goodbye from the ball diamond, says a little adios from the track field. Jimmy Alspaugh also says goodbye from the tennis court. We need say nothing more because we all know he will be missed plenty next year. Eicher who came into bloom this year and took the number two spot has played some real tennis. And, Welch, that southern gentleman, has completed his first complete season on the varsity. It is said Marshall never played till he came here to Taylor. He was No. 5 on the squad this year. And so, we who remain bid you goodbye, good luck, and God speed in all of your doings of life.

Davy Hoover, diminutive quartet member, did some fine work on the mound for the baseball team this year.

To those athletes who are going away for the summer, we trust you will have a good one.

Believe me, it has been fun aplenty writing about you all this year. Hope that man from the wilds of Maine will enjoy it as much next year as I have this year. So adios!

There should be:

- A school for wise crackers.
- A laundry for dirty looks.
- A heater for cold shoulders.
- A melter for icy stares.

—Student Printz

Dr. Ayres asked Byrt what she learned about the unconscious, and she said it was a good subject for discussion at the faculty table.

Belated Trip To Chicago Carries Fond Memories



Caught in the Act!

It was dark and *quiet* — no — wait — it was dark and *noisy* for everyone was so vitally interested in anything the seniors did that they'd arise at any hour — to watch them. This was just the situation on May the 10th when the seniors gathered in front of Prof. Kreiner's home.

There were a few men with super-abundant energy, no knowledge of rules, or of the scheduled plans of the "skippers" who "cut loose" and enjoyed the bus for a while. However, before the sun was up, thirty-five seniors were comfortably seated in the fine bus, Chicago bound. "Comfortably seated," meant some slept awhile, pillows were used, one did nicely for two people — conditions being favorable.

Manager Barnes and Conductor Rediger looked very nice in their cart boy jackets and band boy hats. These fellows and their outfits were not only "nice but necessary" in the grand success of the trip.

At 6:15 daylight saving time, Harold Miller led in the regular Wednesday morning class prayer meeting.

Breakfast was announced and each one got out his bag. Some had regular picnic, and "Davie" looked sweet in his bib, and Muriel was sensible in sitting in the front seat and sucking her lemon.

First stop was in Plymouth, Indiana, where the Swedes got their coffee.

Soon after 10 o'clock, they were on the streets of Chicago making their way to the Marshall Field Museum. They went as a group following a guide in the museum and were shown how our ancestors looked and lived, and were also shown monkeys and mummies. They were awestruck by the magnificent displays of wild life and their hab-

itats.

The thirty-five seniors on their "Sneak Day," enjoyed a picnic lunch in Lincoln Park.

The lecture and sights at the Planetarium were most interesting and educational. Special emphasis was placed on the planets and were shown where they would be found through the following twelve years.

The Shedd Aquarium, near the Planetarium and near the site of the last World's Fair, was paid a hurried visit by these thirty-five seniors.

"Time to go on" — so they said, and the group spread around — resting on the way to the Blue Bird Inn where a bountiful chicken dinner was served. The quartet sang and sang — you know, just what they were wanted to sing.

Yes, the seniors were weary, but happy and more intelligent as they motored toward the "highest point between Chicago and Columbus." During the last part of the journey, a group of serenaders (including "Davie" and "Eddie" in the upper berths) got together to sing old songs and new songs.

Safely home, knot tied!

Still tied, Don?

NOTE:

Students who wonder at the size of Chicago policemen or the minuteness of Rediger and Barnes must see one or the other of these men for further details. Whether they shrank from fear, timidity, or loss of prestige is unknown. Perhaps the camera was out of focus. Obviously something was wrong, but don't blame the Echo reporters or photographers. The editor got his neck stepped on on the fire escape last night so he don't know much about it either.

Qualities of Prof.

(Continued from Page 3)

this statement means. There is a vast difference between having a concept and being able to convey that concept to others. Of course, education is a necessary pre-requisite, for it is impossible to teach others what one does not himself know. We are not belittling education.

4. *Interesting Sustaining Power.* A good teacher awakens an interest in his subject early in the course and sustains that interest until examination day. "A good teacher!" Indeed this is a happy ability. We have studied under some who could hardly awaken an interest, much less sustain it. This is a day of specialization. In the process of centering one's primary attention upon a specialized field, other unrelated courses tend to become very boring-necessary evils! Yet

Moving Up Day Is Featured Program

Moving up day, an annual event, was observed Tuesday as each class formally took the place of the preceding one. The senior members of the student body in their dignified garbs took their place on the platform and displayed their intelligent countenances deeply marked by four years of consecrated study to the student body.

Mr. Briggs, master of ceremonies, started the ball rolling and from then on each of the presidents of next year's classes gave a short speech and led his class to the seats vacated by the class above them. After each student had been figuratively promoted to the position which he hopes to attain by the beginning of next year, the senior class became the center of attraction. The highest officer present of each of the four years the class of 1939 had spent on Taylor's campus gave a brief resume of the outstanding events of the year during which he was chief or vice executive. Margaret Sluyter, Arland Briggs, Evan Bergwall, and Milo Rediger spoke for each of the four years.

In the evening the annual bonfire was lighted very peacefully as the students made their way to the back of the gym between two rows of flaming torches which were held by the freshman class. The freshmen are to be highly complimented on the roaring blaze which their collection of wood produced, but it might be added that in previous years it was impossible to hide that much fuel in any convenient spot. After the usual speeches and responses Old Father Time with an Uncle Ezra accent in the person of John Warner, read the prophecy for those who are soon to become alumni.

the apt professor somehow is able to make his students feel that there is nothing in the world quite so interesting, vital, and important, as the field of present consideration. This must be done without bigotry or narrowness. Perhaps one of the big secrets of this power is keeping fresh, apprised of all the modern developments and up-to-the-minute discoveries in the field.

5. *Sincerity.* Last, but not least, we mention sincerity. Intellectual honesty is absolutely necessary in my ideal teacher. When he gives the impression that he is a parrot, that he is imparting not what he believes, but what is the material of those whom he fears to cross, that we can't help feeling he is a coward and unworthy of his high position. "True blue, and a yard wide." is an old maxium, but how beautiful — utter sincerity!